Wonderful West Virginia

JUNE 1970

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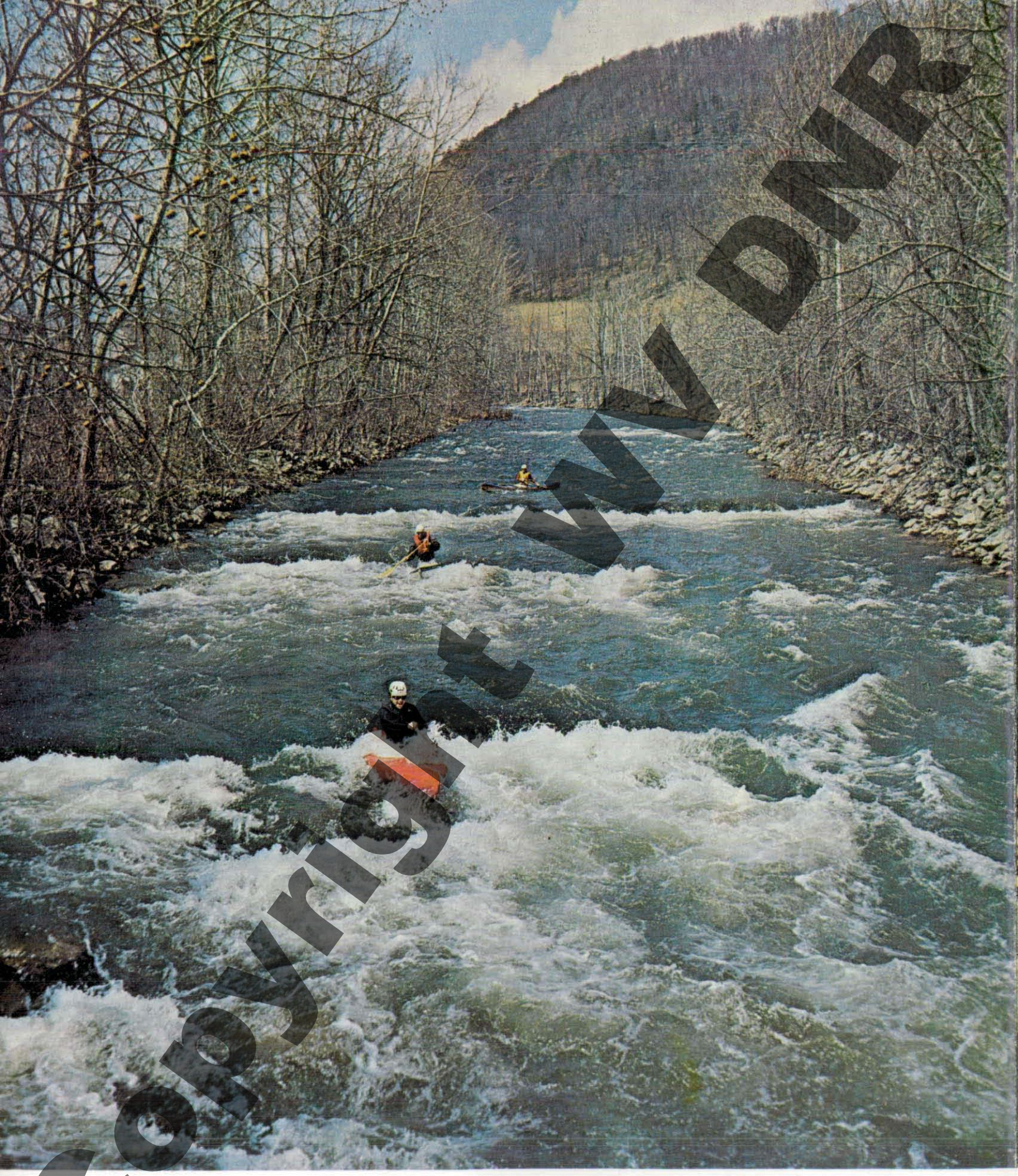

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Skilful canoers race down roaring Seneca Creek at Whitewater Weekend during April. Pendleton County.

State of WEST VIRGINIA

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DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES

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Ponds Are Essence of Conservation

DR. DANIEL HALE

OF THE CONSERVATION measures practiced on land, a pond best iillustrates the widely varied benefits all conservation practices bring: to the landowner, to the community, the state and nation.

Many look upon a pond as just a place for watering stock, fishing or swimming. These uses, as important as they are, are only a small part of all the functions.

Let's consider some of the ways these small impoundments help a landowner. First, a basic ecological concept needs to be made clear: a pond is far more than a mere puddle of water behind a pile of dirt—a pond is a dynamic, living organism teeming with activity. It is a small ecosystem, a component of the overall ecosystem to which all life belongs.

Each pond should be built with the emergency spillway located at a level at least one foot higher than the opening in the trickley tube. This outlet provides a normally adequate escape route for water impounded. In times of heavy rainfall, the emergency spillway becomes an additional place of overflow. Thus, one foot of flood storage multiplied by its square feet in area is built into each pond. Where farm ponds are numerous, substantial flood protection is gained for the people who live downstream.

In the Brush Creek Watershed, for instance, flood protection from all ponds together is equal to more than that given by some of the flood control dams built by the Federal Government as a part of the Brush Creek Watershed Project under Public Law 566.

It has been estimated that during periods of heavy rainfall, as much as 100 acre feet of flood water is temporarily stored in ponds.

THE TOTAL COST of all the farm ponds in a watershed, undoubtedly, is considerably less than the construction cost of a single large impoundment.

Rainfall runoff from land under cultivation and other types of development above a farm pond is often muddy from erosion of the soil. Storage of runoff behind a dam traps the sediment and allows it to settle behind the impoundment. A dual function is accomplished: valuable topsoil is retained in the upland region of the watershed, where it belongs; and sediment deposition is decreased in the creeks and rivers into which this channel empties. This reduction in sediment deposit and consequent sediment damage, small for a single pond, is felt all the way to the ocean.

Storage of water in any type of reservoir permits powerful, natural processes to go into action. These processes destroy harmful germs and other pollutants. This tendency for water to purify itself is accomplished through nature's biological cycle which, if not overloaded, is always present.

As a part of the dynamics of this cycle, plant and animal growth in the water intereact with sunlight and oxygen to perform an amazingly effective cleansing, detoxifying and purifying function of great magnitude.

Farm ponds in many instances provide the only source of water for wildlife, and a place of rest for waterfowl during migratory flight. Occasionally in West Virginia, ducks and other waterfowl

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Farm pond to this youngster means sunfish, but these valuable impoundments have a multitude of benefits to the land and the owner.

will stay on a pond all summer and nest in its vicinity.

IN RURAL AREAS where springs and wells have failed or have been contaminated, a pond can provide an excellent source of water for the family. More and more people are turning to this source of supply and find it satisfactory. One advantage, as with any surface supply, is that persons who use the water always know how much more they have left. With deep wells such information is not easily available.

In many rural areas, ponds are often the only available source of sufficient quantities of water to fight fires. Many regard ponds as a form of fire insurance, not only against grass, brush and forest fires, but also against fires in their homes and outbuildings.

The sight of water is always pleasant, restful, and reassuring; it adds something extra to the landscape. Also, plants and animals which are attracted to ponds and to their immediate surroundings add a touch of beauty, interest and an intangible value of great worth.

Ponds, like other conservation practices, help mankind meet possibly its most urgent need—the reestablishment of a healthy and reasonable ecological balance between man and nature. What else that a man can put on his land, can better benefit himself, his family, and his neighbors?

CASH FOR CANS

It pays to pick up litter. We all know that. But now it will pay a little more in 11 western states. Adolph Coors Company brewery, Golden, Colorado, is paying a dime a pound for scrap aluminum delivered to its distributors in Colorado, Arizona, Oklahoma, California, Idaho, Kansas, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, Utah and Wyoming.

In the area in which the program will operate, company officials say there are enough aluminum containers marketed each year to be worth some $5 million to civic organizations and individuals who round up aluminum at the 10 cents per pound price.

The cash for cans deal pertains not only to Coors cans, but to all aluminum containers as well.

—Outdoor Oklahoma

Now You'll Know

SPRING PEEPERS

DR. G. A. AMMANN
Michigan Natural Resources Department

If a poll taker came to our door and asked: "Of all the pleasant sounds of the outdoors, which is your favorite?" Unhesitatingly, we would reply: "The shrill, clear, high-pitched music of a tiny frog."

The call of this little creature, coming as it does just as spring is about to put an end to a long winter, is indeed a most welcome and inspiring sound.

We wanted to know more about our favorite outdoor music maker.

Spring Peeper is the common name of our little wetland friend, although in the biologist's lexicon he is a *Hyla crucifer*. He measures three-quarters to one and one-half inches, with the female approaching the maximum size and the music-maker (only male peepers peep) measuring less than an inch, generally.

In color both sexes vary from liver brown to a light, reddish brown above and from creamy white to pale yellow below. The back is marked by a cross of dusky brown while the legs are barred with a similar shade. The head is rather pointed, and the toes are equipped with adhesive discs which help give stability as he scrambles about among sedge and cattail stalks.

The volume of the Spring Peeper's call is truly startling. One of these diminutive frogs, in good voice, can be heard up to one half mile away.

How does he do this? The sound is produced by a vocal sac which lies in loose folds outside the muscles of the throat. Inside the mouth, two slits, one on either side, near the angle of the jaw, open into this sac. When the little peeper is about to peep, the entire body is inflated, and the air is forced into the vocal sac, which blows up like a wad of bubble gum; or more accurately, like a Scotsman's bagpipe, because the bubble does not deflate. In maintains its air pressure and the music goes on and on, as from a Scotsman's bagpipe. During all of this the peeper keeps his mouth shut.

Spring peepers develop from tadpoles which hatch from eggs deposited in fine grasses and matted vegetation near the bottom of a pond or marsh. As all frogs, they breathe through gills, extracting oxygen from the water as tadpoles, and then breathing air as adults.

It was surprising to learn that peepers take three to four years to reach maturity.

They eat flies, gnats, spiders, and small tadpoles; and they capture their food by a lightning-like thrust of a long, flexible tongue; long, that is, for a mini-creature.

Turkey Thanksgiving

JOHN MADSON

WILD TURKEY is more than a Thanksgiving symbol—it's a thanksgiving reason.

Desperately scarce only a few decades ago, the great bird has come surging back in a classic victory of modern wildlife conservation.

Uncontrolled hunting, and clearing of virgin forests, had wiped out the wild turkey in most of its original range. As forests came back, growing from abandoned stump farms to second-growth to mature forests again, and as new game laws were enacted and supported, the stage was set for the turkey's comeback. As the time grew ripe, wildlife biologists and game managers went into action, and the wild turkey began to prosper.

The nuts and bolts of this victory was the theme of the Second National Wild Turkey Symposium held in February at Columbia, Missouri. Attended by the top wild-turkey experts in the nation, the three-day conference was a rarity among modern conservation meetings—it was jubilant and optimistic.

Nationally, wild turkeys have increased from about 97,000 in 1952 to 521,000 in 1968. This year may see as many as 1,250,000 wild turkeys in the United States.

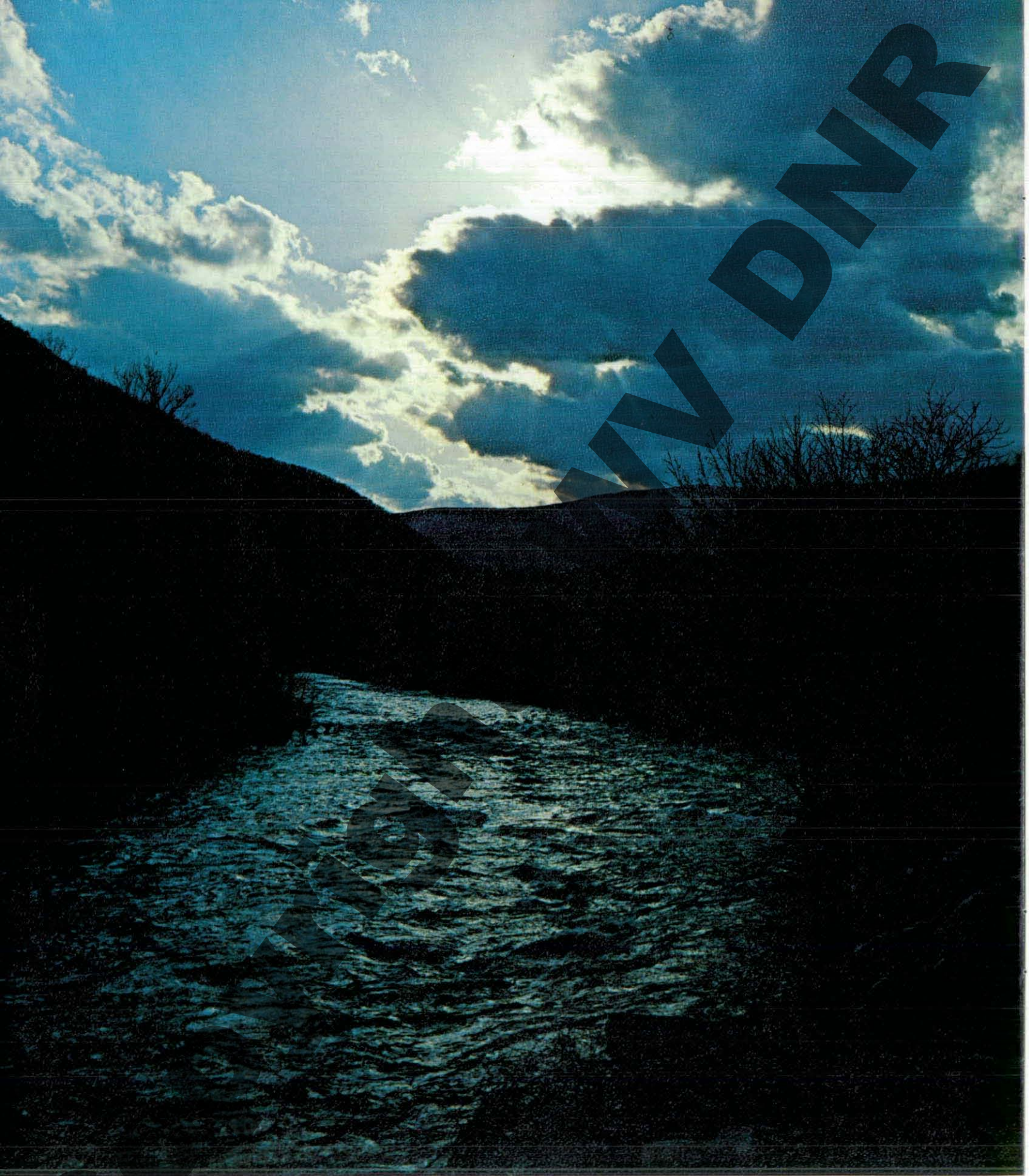
Since 1952 the national harvest of wild turkeys has risen 172 percent. Eighteen years ago there were about 47,000 wild turkeys shot in the United States; in 1968 there were 128,000 bagged. Yet this hunting take has not kept pace with the general increase of the birds, and some game managers believe that a quarter-million turkeys could be safely added to that 1968 kill figure.

THIS SPRING there was turkey hunting in at least 19 states, and Illinois is having its first turkey season in about 70 years. Twenty-three other states have fall hunting; a total of 35 states will offer spring and/or fall hunting in 1970. Some turkey experts believe the day will come when there will be wild turkeys in all of the lower 48 states—with hunting in most of them.

The biologists at the Wild Turkey Symposium talked a lot about hunting. By midnight, the hotel was up to its eaves in imaginary gobblers that had been cunningly called and skillfully dispatched, and the place rocked with yelps, kelps, perts, putts, whistles and gobbles produced by box calls, slate calls, wingbone calls, mouth calls and sundry chalked and resined devices. The hunters found plenty to argue about but most agreed on the main points: that spring gobbler hunting is the ultra sport, and that the spring hunter is nowhere if he doesn't call.

The new hunter can learn the basics from wild turkeys in the woods, penned turkeys, recordings or good hunters. Yet learn he must. The success rate of spring turkey hunters is usually low, and among non-callers it's almost nil. In Wisconsin in 1968, a total of 1,100 hunters killed only 18 birds. Less than 10 percent of the hunters used calls, but those hunters killed 85 percent of the turkeys that were taken.

Some experts feel that flawless calling isn't necessary, because even an old, wise turkey may bobble his gobble. Yet if you don't take the trouble to learn **some** turkey talk, you'd best stay home and spade the garden.



ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Spring storm brews over beautiful South Branch of the Potomac.

PRESIDENT
RICHARD M. NIXON
SAID:

"The great question of the '70s is: Shall we surrender to our surroundings, or shall we make our peace with nature and begin to make reparations for the damage we have done to our air, to our land and water?"

—State of the Union Message,
January 22, 1970

"To the extent possible, the price of goods should be made to include the costs of producing and disposing of them without damage to the environment."

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

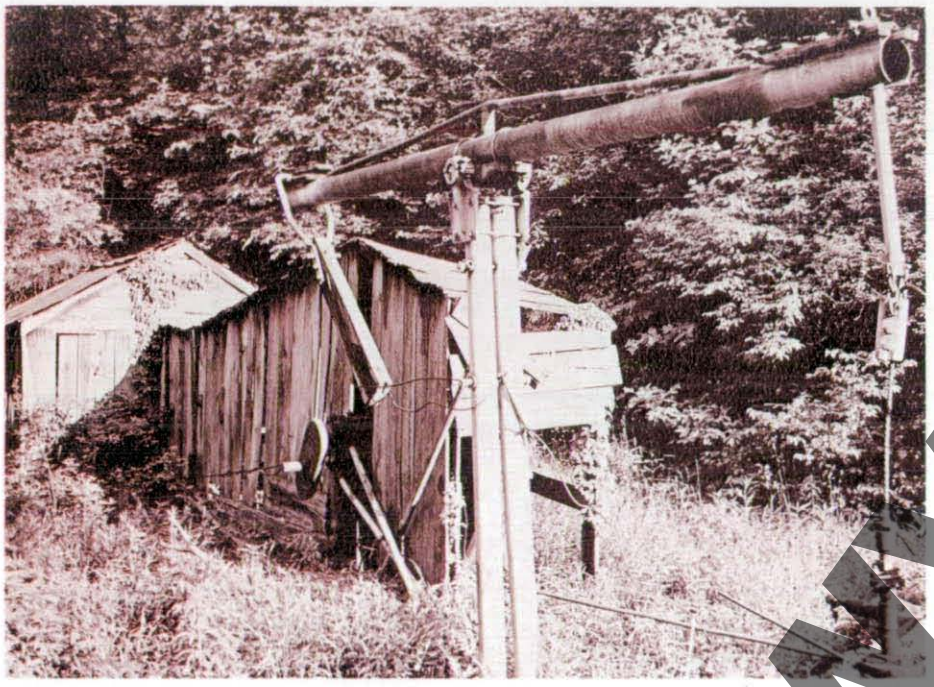
Editor
Wonderful WEST VIRGINIA

The initiative you are taking to enhance the quality of life in America is a most heartening and promising development for this nation. As I said in my State of the Union Address, I am convinced that the great question of the Seventies is whether we shall surrender to our surroundings or whether we shall make our peace with nature and begin to make reparations for the damage we have done to our air, our land and our water.

By becoming involved in the urgent search for a positive answer to this question, you help to provide a fresh hope that the people of the United States can succeed in this task. Thank you for your constructive effort to answer this summons of the Seventies.

Richard Nixon

West Virginia's BLACK GOLD



Abandoned relic of crude pumping rig.

IRA S. LATIMER JR.

OIL AND GAS are an important part in the development of West Virginia. America's second petroleum enterprise got underway in Wirt County in 1860, just a few months after completion of the famous Drake oil well in Pennsylvania. The discovery of "Black Gold" brought thousands of people to the areas being drilled, and large towns appeared almost overnight.

The history of the early petroleum industry is a fascinating and vital chapter in the story of our state and in the industrial development of the nation. It is an important segment of our heritage that must be preserved, yet the few remnants of these pioneer efforts are disappearing rapidly.

The Ruffner brothers completed what may have been the first well drilled in America in 1808 along the Kanawha River near Charleston. Their objective was salt brine and this was produced in quantity. Prior to that time, salt had been obtained by digging holes deep enough to encounter brine-bearing strata.

The Ruffner's well was drilled with a percussion bit driven by a manually-operated spring pole, and this type of drilling, with techniques and tools developed by the Kanawha Valley saline industry, laid the foundation for operations used 50 years later in the search for oil and gas.

The salt industry was already flourishing in the Kanawha Valley in 1842 when 50 miles to the north J. C. Rathbone decided to try to establish a salt-manufacturing enterprise on his land at Burning Springs in Wirt County. From the Kanawha Valley he brought two experienced drillers, A. P. Gay and Silas Reynolds, to deepen an abandoned salt well that was on his property. Salt water was struck at 300 feet, but a small amount of petroleum mixed with it destroyed its value as a saline product. The well was abandoned, and the Rathbones concentrated on their other business interests.

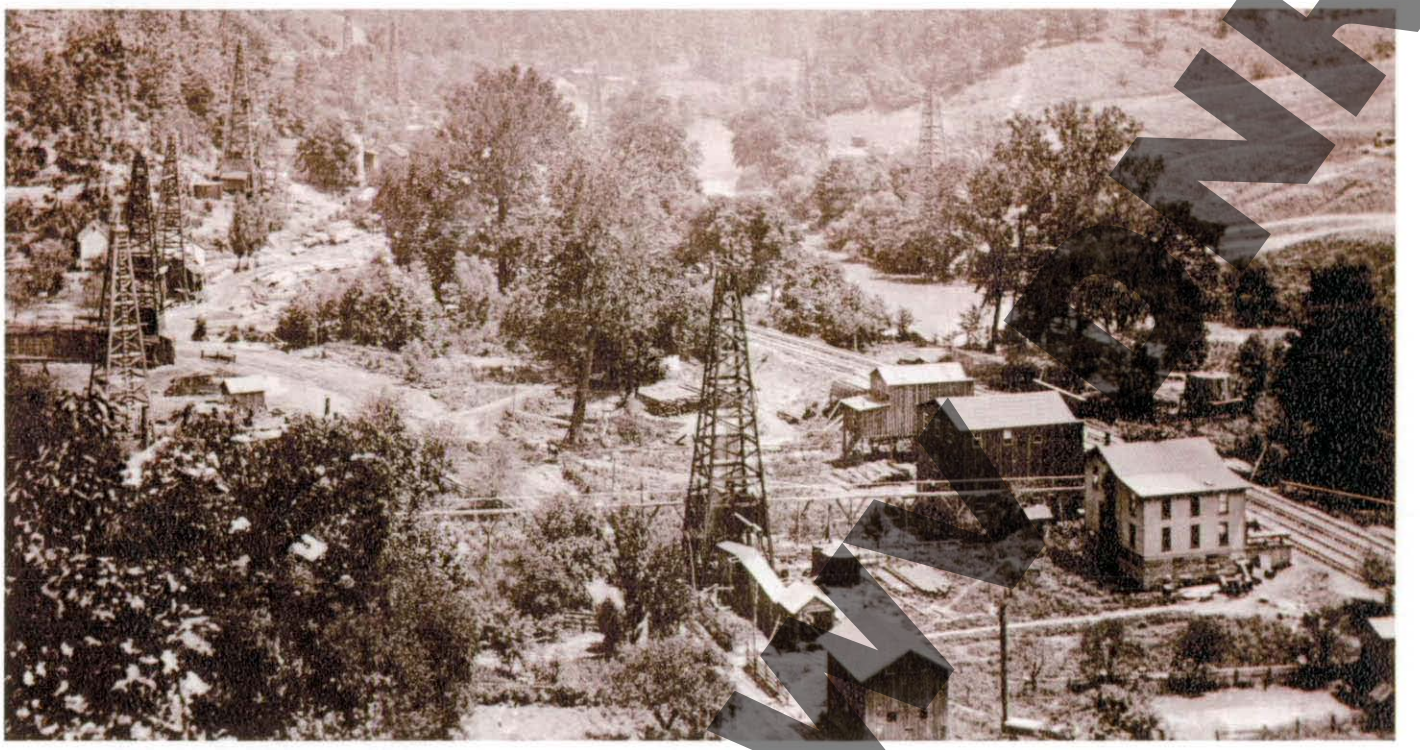
During the ensuing years, the market for illuminating and lubricating oils expanded rapidly. The major supply of these products was obtained by refining them from coal. In 1858, Samuel W. Kier, a Pittsburgh druggist, was successful in finding a method for refining petroleum. The Seneca Oil Company soon was formed, and Colonel Edwin L. Drake was hired to find oil. Under Drake's supervision, the first successful well drilled for petroleum was completed in August, 1859 at Titusville, Pennsylvania.

THE SEARCH FOR OIL brought Samuel P. Karnes to Burning Springs where he met the Rathbones and leased from them the abandoned salt brine well. Early in 1860 the well was cleaned out and, after pumping out the salt water, began to produce about seven barrels of petroleum a day.

The success of this venture encouraged the Rathbones to drill on their land, and in May, 1860 they completed the first successful well drilled specifically for oil in what is now West Virginia. Oil was struck at a depth of 303 feet, and the well produced 100 barrels a day.

A second Rathbone well drilled on the same tract in the summer of 1860 produced 1,100 barrels a day, and signalled the beginning of the oil rush.

Burning Springs then became



Once an old oil field in Ritchie County. Rigs, buildings were removed to the site of North Bend State Park.

the state's first oil boom town, and the birthplace of the West Virginia oil and gas industry. Within six months the population jumped from 20 to nearly 6,000, and before the boom ended, may have reached a peak of as many as 12,000. Several hotels were built including the Chicago House, said to be one of the finest in western Virginia.

Oil activity was at its height when on May 9, 1863 General William Jones led a Confederate force of several thousand men in a raid on the town and its oil installations. The raiders burned all tanks, derricks, equipment and oil-filled barges. Over 150,000 barrels of oil were destroyed as well as most of the town of Burning Springs. For all practical purposes, this was the end of the Burning Springs field and the town.

Following the successes in the Burning Springs Field, pioneer oil drillers of the 1860's moved north along the Burning Springs Anticline. Discoveries in eastern Wood County and western Ritchie County led to the founding of the town of Volcano in Wood County and the concentration of drilling in the Volcano oil field.

By 1873 this became the center of oil production in West Virginia, and the community of Volcano now had a population of 3,500.

One of the most interesting features of the Volcano Field is the method used to pump the wells. In 1874 W. C. Stiles, Jr. devised a system by which as many as 40 wells were pumped from a central power plant through use of huge wooden wheels and endless cables. This system was in use until just a few years ago.

THE FIRST PIPELINE in West Virginia was laid in 1879 from this field to the Camden Consolidated Refinery in Parkersburg.

A destructive fire of unknown origin swept through Volcano on August 4, 1879 destroying all but one end of town, the Silcott Hotel and some oil derricks on the hillside. This disaster, coupled with generally declining prices for oil and the depression of the 1870's, virtually ended the prominence of West Virginia as an oil-producing state.

The village of Petroleum, Ritchie County and reached by gravel road from Volcano was laid out in 1854. It was an oil town and active loading station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad over which crude oil was transported to Parkersburg.

Elizabeth, the Wirt County seat, was settled in 1796 by William Beauchamp. It was once much larger than its present size and participated in the oil boom growth of nearby Burning Springs. The Beauchamp plantation house, now over 135 years old, serves as a museum and is operated by the Daughters of the American Pioneers. One room is devoted to the oil history of Wirt County.

This brief outline of our early oil history highlights the importance of our pioneer oil industry and its influence on the development of West Virginia and the nation.

Merely to record the history is not enough—we must preserve some of the vanishing remnants of this era.

—West Virginia Antiquities Commission.

COVERED BRIDGES

Are Made of Memories, Too

TINA SONIS

TO PIONEERS who built them, covered bridges made possible roads into a promising, progressive tomorrow. Today, they offer a glimpse into history.

No matter the season, the setting for a covered bridge is nearly always idyllic—one an artist dreams of painting, a writer of describing with vivid, flowery rhetoric. Deep in the country along a remote winding road, winter covers the spans with soft snow; summer shades their weather-weary planks; fall adorns them with a blanket of brilliant leaves and spring surrounds them with awakened greenery, all the while water flows timelessly beneath them.

Their covers seem to hide the experiences associated with the bridges. For the romantic, they offered a private, little world in which to woo. For the imaginative, they covered a timbered terror inhabited by threatening ghosts and goblins. For the weary traveler, they offered welcome shelter from weather. For advertisers, they provided a perfect background for words and pictures of the latest cure for consumption or other panaceas.

As far as the engineer was concerned, the cover actually protected the rest of the structure from deterioration by nature's elements and lengthened its life.

Once, covered bridges crossed streams and rivers by the thousands in this country, but the number has declined with the passing of time and the lack of attention. The quaint wooden spans are still rather widespread considering the obstacles they've withstood through their many years of existence.

Each could tell its own tale of survival against tremendous odds. They were ravaged by fires, swept away by floods and assaulted in war; many didn't survive. Time, of course, has taken its toll of the wooden wonders.

While 20th century America has grown rather blase' about multi-million-dollar, breathtaking engineering feats, the covered bridge truly was the engineering wonder of its day. Often beautiful and as varied as the locations in which they were built, they presented engineers of that day opportunities to let their imaginations run rampant. The results of their work reflected those opportunities and challenges; some survived, most didn't.

Not an American invention as such, covered bridges originated centuries ago in Europe. Yet Americans came to appreciate their beauty and utility.

The first sizable covered bridges to appear in what is now West Virginia came considerably later, both completing important links in the James River and Kanawha Turnpike.

One was a 480-foot span across the Gauley River at Gauley Bridge; the other stretched 422 feet across the Greenbrier River at Caldwell.

Though most were overjoyed with the engineering achievement, the ferry boat operators on the Gauley found nothing beautiful about the new bridge which destroyed their livelihood. Before the year's end, they had burned the bridge and resumed their operations on the river.

The culprits were imprisoned, but the same fate was dealt two other bridges on the same abutments. In 1861, retreating Confederate troops burned the bridge for the last time; it never was rebuilt.

One of the most interesting stories connected with the era of covered bridge building is that of how Lemuel Chenoweth won the contract for five bridges on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike.

BORN IN VIRGINIA, Chenoweth lived in the vicinity of Beverly (now West Virginia) all his life, attending school when there were schools in Randolph County to attend. A brilliant, gifted engineer, he attributed his skill and knowledge to the reading of his bible.

In 1850, the Virginia Board of Public Works was accepting bids for constructing bridges on the turnpike. Its members had spent most of the day listening to explanations of many types of bridges by their designers.

Finally, Lemuel Chenoweth, weary from an arduous 250-mile journey on horseback across the mountains from Beverly to Richmond, unpacked his saddlebags and stepped forward.

Assembling his wooden pieces on a long table, he placed the com-

pleted model between two chairs, mounted it and walked its length. Stepping down, he uttered his first words: "Gentlemen, this is all I have to say."

That was all he needed to say. Impressed with the engineer's astonishing demonstration, confidence in his design and low bid, the board awarded the contract to Chenoweth. Thus began a busy decade for the talented engineer.

In 1852, before the Parkersburg Turnpike contract was completed, he took on construction of the well-known span at Barrackville, which is still in existence, and then the famous landmark at Philippi over Tygart's Valley River.

Lodged in the shelter of the two-lane span at Philippi, Confederate guards were forced to abandon the bridge and the town on June 3, 1861, when surprised by northern cannon fire. The bridge was successfully overtaken by the Union forces and has remained intact since.

The span at Philippi is the most impressive of the covered bridges still standing in West Virginia, yet many aren't fully aware of its true beauty since attention is usually focused on the sign at the end proclaiming Philippi the site of the first land battle of the Civil War.

The bridge is long, lean and aesthetically pleasing. Besides that, it carries hundreds of vehicles daily along U. S. 250 through Philippi.

Chenoweth was but one of the multitudes of covered bridge engineers and his are just a few of the bridges. At one time, the state had hundreds of the structures, many dating to pre-statehood days.

Harrison County was always a leader in the state as far as number. As recent as 1954 the county claimed 13 of the cherished reminders of a bygone era. Today, that figure stands at three, still the most to be found in any of the state's 55 counties.

Will the remaining ones be here years from now? Maybe. Maybe not. Yet their fascinating history will always be a part of generations to come.

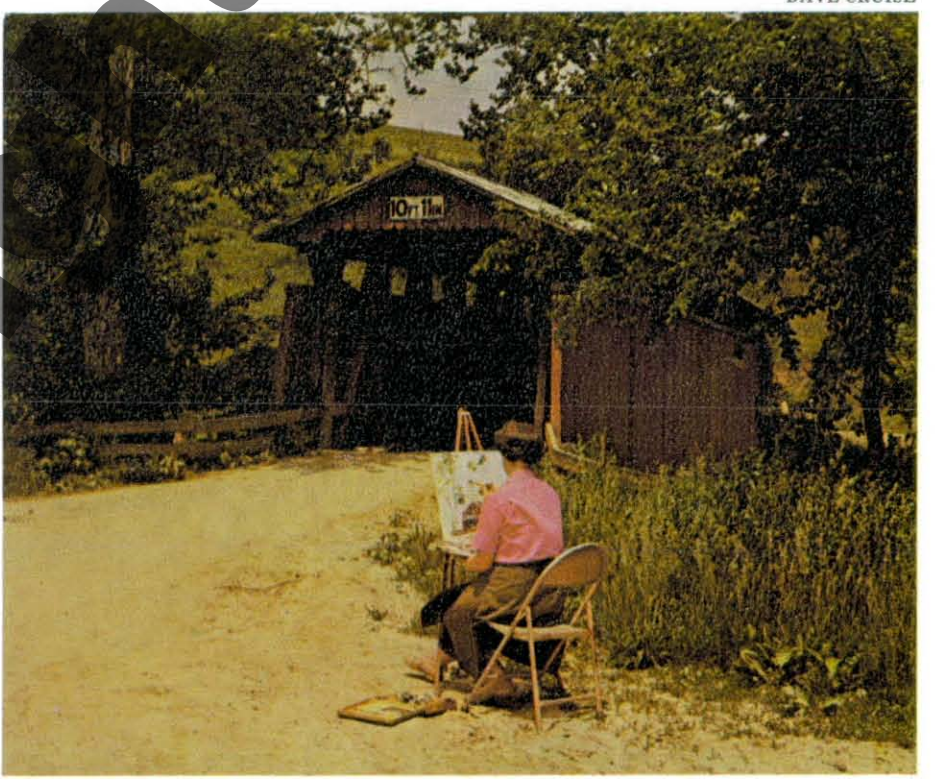
(Continued on Page 25)

JERRY RATLIFF

Odaville Bridge, Jackson County, seen from Route 22.

Bridge at Staats Mill, Jackson County.

DAVE CRUISE



Burial of A Medicine Man

BETTYE J. BROYLES

THE SUN was just beginning to disappear over the horizon on the opposite side of the Great River which flowed by the village. The sky was streaked with red, orange and yellow. Surrealistic forms seemed to flit eerily across the waters as the few clouds cast reflections of the changing colors. It had been a warm autumn day, but without the sun's warming rays it would soon become cold. Fires were being lit around the village, each adding its own dancing shadow to the scene.

The village was quiet except for a baby crying in one of the houses. A group of hunters entered the village, but without the usual loud shouts of "Welcome home" from their fellow villagers. Everyone spoke in a whisper. Even birds in the nearby forest seemed to sense the quiet mood of the village and had ceased their usual chatter. Soberly villagers ate their evening meal and retired for the night.

Suddenly a dog's barking broke the silence. Other dogs joined in. Babies, disturbed from their sleep, began to cry. Several villagers looked out from their houses with half-closed eyes trying to discern the cause of the disturbance. There seemed to be an unusual amount of activity in one of the large ceremonial buildings at the edge of the village plaza. Many men could be seen entering and leaving the building. The villagers had known for several days that one of their head men was ill, probably dying. The old man had served the village as medicine man for many years and would be greatly missed by all.

Several days ago all of the elders and leaders of the village had assembled in the building. Sacred words had been spoken over the ailing man, and special concoctions made of local herbs had been given to him, but to no avail. Evil spirits had entered his body and were making him sick. Other forms of cure were tried. A pipe was filled with dried leaves of a plant grown in gardens outside the village. Each man took a long draw on the pipe and then blew the smoke towards the ill medicine man.

A special bench had been constructed for him near the fireplace in the center of the room so that the fire might warm his body and the smoke purify it. Occasionally, leaves of plants thought to hold special healing powers were tossed onto the fire, causing great puffs of smoke to fill the room. Yet, the dying man did not respond to any attempts to drive out the evil spirits. Only death would rid him of them. Two days had passed since he spoke or made any signs to others in the building. One of the elders stepped closer to the bench and touched the old man's chest and forehead, then stepped back and pronounced him dead. The old man had stopped breathing, his soul was free at last to begin its long journey to the world of the dead.

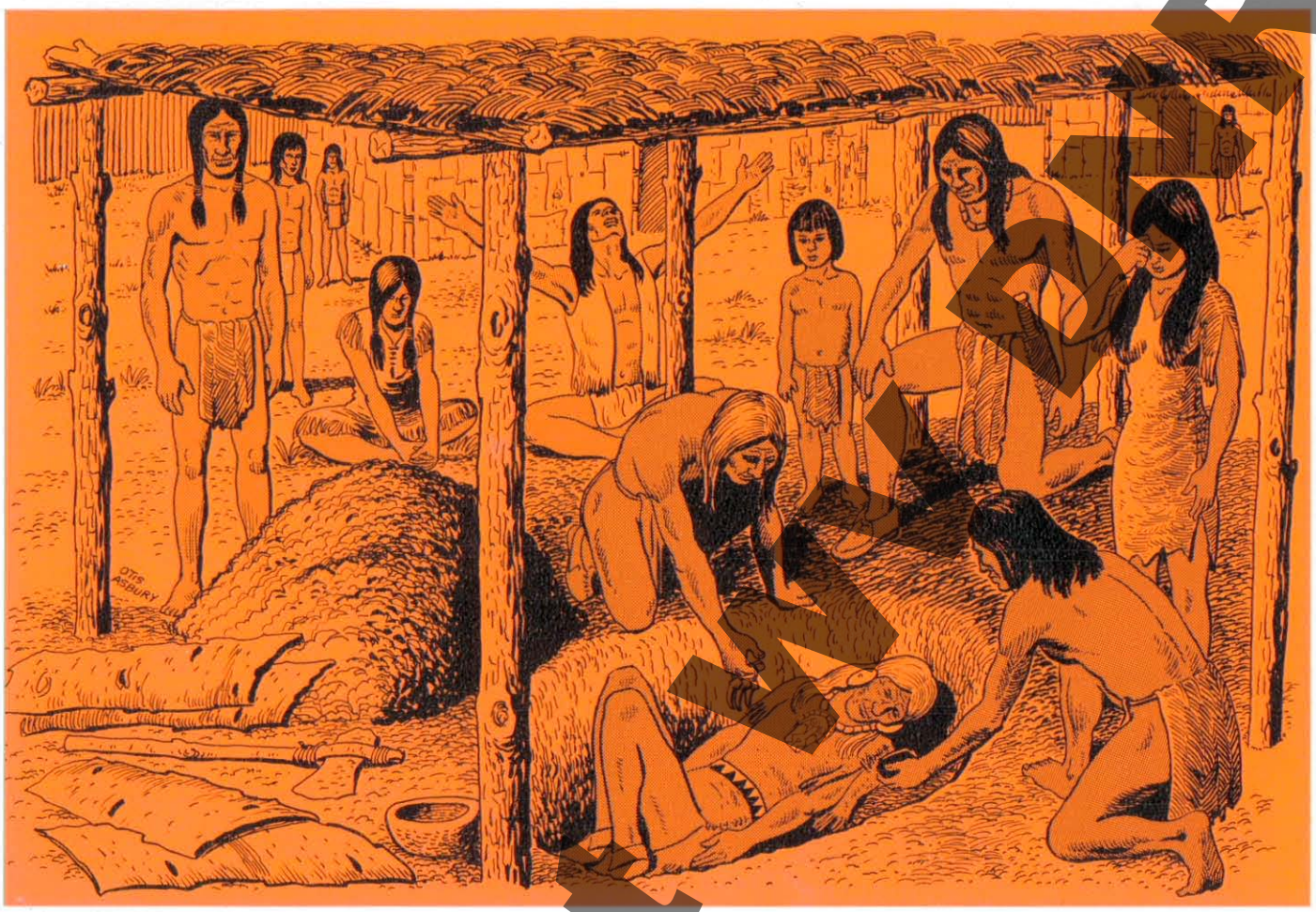
WORD QUICKLY WENT OUT to the villagers that the medicine man's spirit was no longer among them. Relatives of the dead man gathered around him, the women weeping and the men chanting prayers to the gods. The remainder of the night passed slowly for the villagers. Few of them slept soundly and most of them were awake before the sun came up over the top of the mountains.

A busy day lay ahead for the villagers. Special preparations were necessary for the burial of so important a person as the medicine man. Most of the day would be spent digging the grave and preparing the body for burial. The area chosen for the grave was northwest of the plaza near the first row of houses inside the palisade.

One group of men began digging the grave. The pit would not be large, only about four and one-half feet long by three feet wide, and would extend three feet into the hard yellow sub-soil of the area. Digging pits for graves into this hard clay was not easy and had to be done with stone celts chipped from flint. Loose soil was scooped out of the pit and piled nearby to be used later when it was time to refill the grave. Late in the evening the pit was finally completed.

A second group of men went into the forest to cut a number of small trees for posts which would be used around the grave, and two larger trees for construction of a litter for the body. The men carefully selected the proper size of trees and began chopping them down with stone axes. All of the limbs were stripped from the trees and they were cut to a uniform length. These posts would soon support a temporary shelter that would be erected over the open grave during the ceremony.

This group of men was accompanied by some of the village women who had been assigned the task of stripping bark from trees to be used as a covering for the body. Only certain trees were selected for this purpose, since bark was extremely difficult to remove from some of the trees. Yet the



women were familiar with this task. They had performed it many times in order to cover the side walls of all the houses in the village with bark. Other women in the village were already busy weaving mats that would serve as a litter for the body and as a canopy over the open grave.

THE BODY of the medicine man was dressed in a new garment made by his female relatives for the burial. Around his neck was hung a necklace of small tubular shell beads in the center of which was a large gorget or pendant made from the outer wall of a very large seashell. This was the old man's most prized possession because it had been obtained from another group of people living far to the south. The face carved on the gorget seemed to reflect the sadness of the occasion, since lines under the eyes looked as if they had been carved by tears.

Stems connected to two large flat shell discs were inserted through holes in the man's ear lobes. The ends of the stems were then tied together at the back of the head to hold them in place. All of the villagers were accustomed to seeing the medicine man wear the necklace and ear plugs as symbols of his status in the village. It would not be proper if he did not wear them in death as he had in life. The old man's gray hair hung loosely around his shoulders and he looked as though he had just laid down to take a nap before some special ceremonial occasion.

Very few villagers slept that night. Most of them sat around fires and talked in whispered tones. The deceased medicine man was the main topic of conversation—how good he had been, how much he had helped the villagers, how he would be missed—but there was also some discussion about who his successor would be. Because this was a very important position, the proper person must be selected by the council of elders from among several followers of the dead medicine man. The council had been is session all day, but no word had reached the villagers concerning their decision. The new medicine man would have to be selected before burial ceremonies could begin, since he had an important part in the rites. There was much speculation.

The sun slowly came up over the mountain, casting its long orange rays over the village to signal beginning of a new day. During early morning hours the council had announced that a new medicine man had been chosen and that burial ceremonies could commence as soon as the sun was up. Everything was ready.

The villagers gathered in the

(Continued on Page 27)

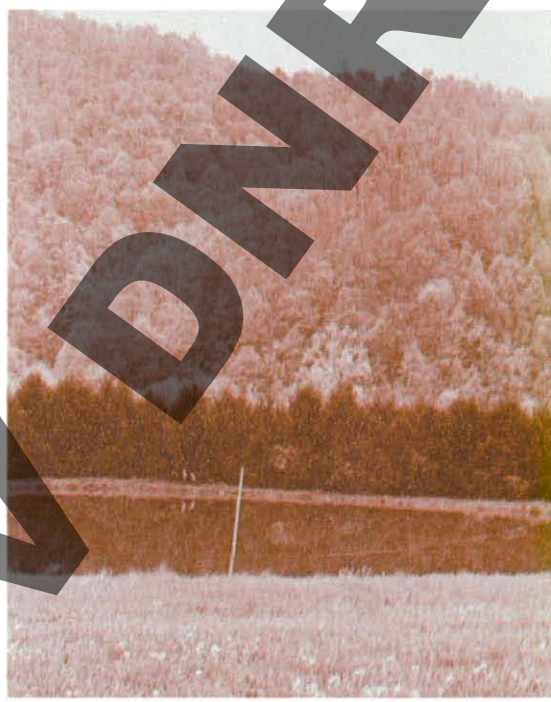
GOT TO BE A CATCH? Yes, on the day photographer Arnout Hyde Jr. made this photo, an angler caught a 21-inch rainbow on this fish-for-fun section of the Back Fork of Elk River in Webster County. The other catch is a five-mile walk to these falls.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Showy white trillium, a delight of wildflower lovers. Cabwaylingo State Park, Wayne County.

POLITENESS MAY BEST POSTED SIGNS

RALPH JARRETT



SOME of the best bass waters left in the east lie hidden among the hills and valleys of West Virginia. There are bass here; you know it the instant you see the water. It trickles out of the ground and hurries to form a tiny run before it becomes blocked by the farmer's dam. Here in the shaded hollows where the sun shines only at midday, the little green ponds usually are fish producers.

To get to this kind of fishing it is necessary to leave the highway and travel the long narrow roads that wind along the ridges and dip into the valleys.

Many top fishing waters like these remain good today because of remoteness or inaccessibility. One solution to this is the inexpensive, dependable trail bike. They serve a useful purpose for outdoorsmen who can't resist the lure of a far ridge or a remote pond at the end of a wandering woods trail. Even if it is a stocked pond, the farther away from the highway you go the better your chance of finding fish and the smaller your chance that you will have to elbow anglers.

Most farms are privately owned, so keep in mind that if you do not own the pond, then it belongs to someone else. Often it's surprisingly easy to gain access just by courteously asking the owner's permission. A day last June provices an excellent example.

Arnold Ayers and I were leisurely nosing along a back country road looking for new ponds to fish when we spotted an oversized sign nailed to the farm gate: "No hunting, no fishing and don't ask," said the large bold letters.

"Let me know if he gives you permission," Arnold said, as he got off his bike to stretch.

"Why me," I asked.

"Ok, we'll flip a coin to see who goes."

Minutes later I was knocking on the kitchen door, swearing by all that's holy to have a better look at that coin Arnold used.

"Who's there," came the booming voice from somewhere inside.

"It's a young man wanting to fish the pond," the lady of the house answered.

"Have him come in here." Now I knew how Daniel felt when he stepped into the lion's den.

"Did you see the sign on the gate?"

"Yes sir," I said in a voice that was hardly audible.

"Well, why in tarnation are you asking permission to fish my pond?"

"Because my friend and I flipped a coin and I lost."

The farmer sort of grinned. "Have some supper," he said.

We crossed the ridge back of the house and followed an old path slippery with pine needles and lined by wild flowers. Suddenly we came upon it; three acres of sweet water fed by a meandering brook you could step across. Bound by a gently sloping field of velvet grass on the one side, it had a forest of towering oaks and twisty dogwood on the other. The shoreline was fairly even but had occasional small pockets and upjutting weeds—likely spots for bass to be hiding.

While serving your apprenticeship on the little ponds, you learn that caution is the key to success. The smaller and clearer the pond, the sneakier you must be. You learn that bass are sensitive to vibration and if they see you they won't bite.

We began working our way around the pond as quietly as possible, dropping the little poppers into all the likely spots. I let the popper rest on each cast, twitched it, and let it rest again. My first bass hit on the third or fourth cast and thereafter the action was fast. The bass we took wouldn't break any records for size, but they were all fat, sporty and the strikes were exciting.

HOWEVER too much action in such a small area soon put the bass down. We switched to smaller poppers and fished the shallow fringes of the pond for bluegills. We caught them, too.

The landowner had requested

that we release all the bass and to bring him back a mess of bluegills—cleaned. For this we each received a quart of homemade applebutter and a warm invitation to come back again.

Posted signs aren't exactly an invitation to dinner, but if you can get your feet under the table you shouldn't have any trouble getting your line in the water.

Any kind of tackle will take farm pond bass, but never underestimate the effectiveness and sport in using a flyrod. I prefer a medium action rod with a length of eight to nine feet, a single-action reel, with WF7F line and a seven foot leader tapered to six pound test.

There are three basic types of flyrod bass lures: the surface poppers, the wet flies and the spinner-fly combinations. My own favorite popper has a concave face which makes a gulping noise when retrieved. A very common error when using them is to pop them too rapidly. The surface popper should be permitted to rest absolutely motionless until the last ripple has completely disappeared. Then and only then, should you twitch the rod tip, causing the bug to flutter for a couple of inches. Keep in mind, it's the gentle touch that kills. Once you've learned the tricks that bring bass up to poppers, you'll never want to fish for them any other way.

Fishermen who put away their tackle after frost has touched the leaves are making a big mistake. When the leaves have turned every color in the rainbow and the persimmons hang wrinkled and ripe on the trees, it's time again for catching bass. They'll move out of the deeper water in search of food for the period of hibernation ahead.

Any of the more detailed state or county maps will indicate many of the gravel and dirt byways, but unfortunately farm ponds are not marked on these maps. This is where the topographical map can help. The most popular maps are the fifteen minute quadrangles scaled at one inch to one mile. The forest is shown in green, with uncolored patches that mark clearings and the blue splotches mark the farm gems. All that's left to do is follow the dotted lines that mark the wandering woods trail, and go fishing!

WOMEN IN CONSERVATION

By Maxine Scarbro
Women and Youth Activities Director

FAMILY TRAILS DAY, JUNE 20 KUMBRABOW STATE FOREST

The third annual Family Trails Day will be held this month in scenic Kumbrabow State Forest. Natural Resources Director Ira S. Latimer Jr., host for this popular event, says he hopes and expects this year's gathering "will be the biggest ever for family groups."

Previously, Family Trails Day was held at Spruce Knob, Dolly Sods, and this family affair at Kumbrabow is the first to be held at a state forest facility. Latimer noted that this state forest, with an elevation at 4,000 feet in Randolph County, will show off native wildflowers in full bloom as some would occur in spring at lower elevations in the state.

A scenic hike is planned along the Raven Rocks Trail where knowledgeable leaders will explain plants, flowers, birds, and animals as they are encountered along the trek. The hike is planned over a course which will not tire toddlers, and transportation is available so that visitors will see the highlights of this interesting forest without long walks.

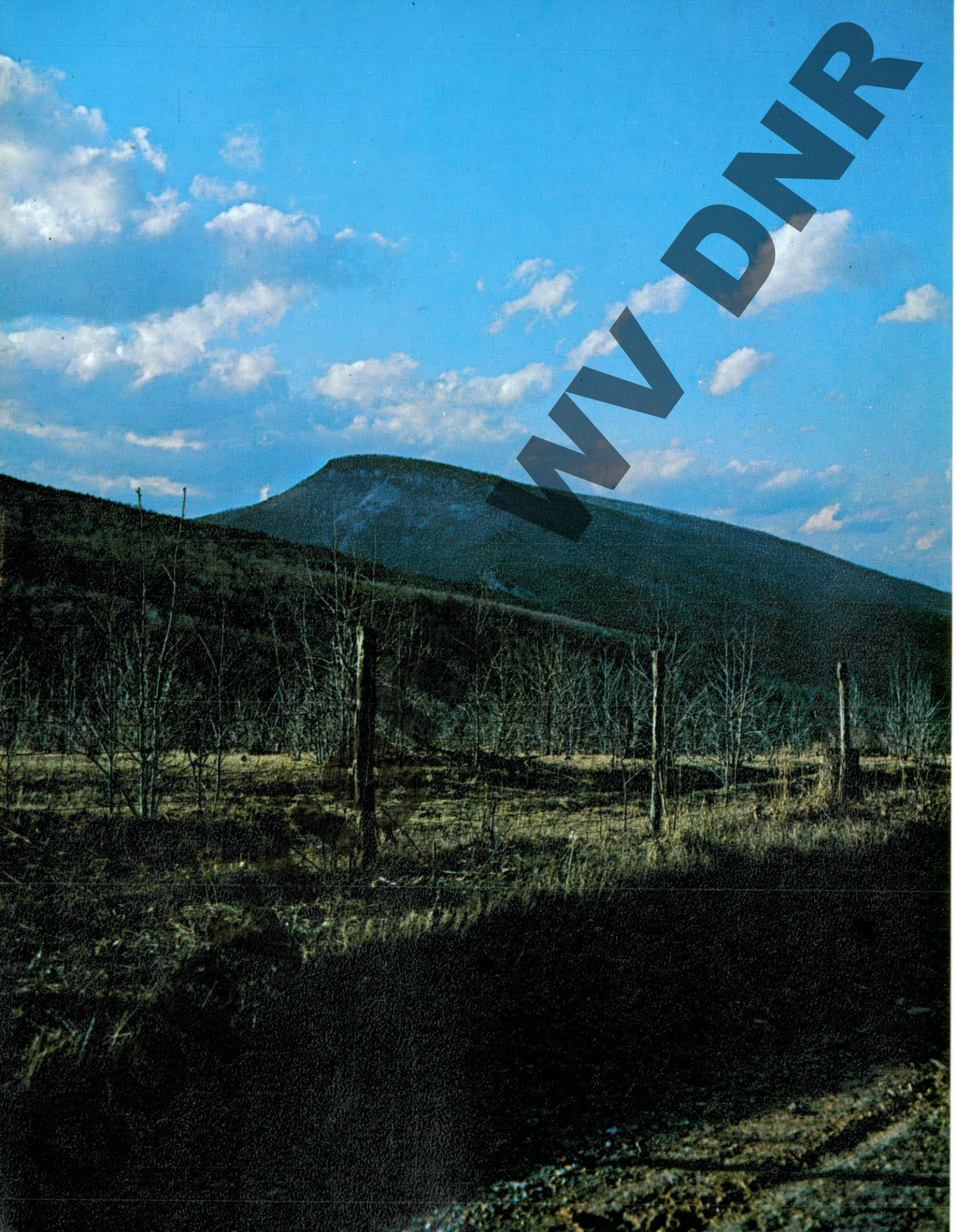
At the conclusion of the hike, there will be a large bonfire and family entertainment. A tasty supper will be served at a moderate price; however, visitors should bring their lunch.

Center of activities will be the picnic area and visitors should arrive by noon. The hike begins at 1:30 p.m. Kumbrabow State Park is 30 miles out of Elkins south: take Rt. 15 of Rt. 219, but see your map. At this writing there are some camp sites available in this forest.

For specific details, write immediately to Maxine Scarbro, Department of Natural Resources, Charleston, W. Va., 25305. You'll get a map of the area, the whole program, the whole bit, but do it today.

COFFEE CAN ANCHOR

Make an economical boat anchor by taking a pound-sized coffee can and filling with cement. Add a hook of heavy wire in the wet cement for an eye to which to attach the anchor line.



north fork mountain

MAURICE BROOKS

NORTH FORK MOUNTAIN is a beautiful, almost a magic, place. It is near U.S. Route 33 in Pendleton County only a few miles east of the Spruce Knob range, West Virginia's highest, but it is so different in its flora. For some reason still unknown, on these summits have been preserved trees and other plants that are of northern association and that occur in few, if any, other places in the state.

Our realization of this began in the 1920's when the late A. B. Brooks, then West Virginia's Chief Game Protector, led a group of New York botanists and foresters on a field trip to North Fork. As they worked toward one of the summits, one of the visitors looked ahead and said, "If I didn't know better, I would swear that's red pine ahead of us." It turned out to be just that, a tree three hundred miles south of its then known limits, and still the state's only known stand and the most southerly known station for the species in the United States.

Red pine, often called Norway pine by the lumberman, is one of the noble northern timber trees which grew abundantly around the upper Great Lakes and whose lumber was shipped south to build the civilization of our treeless plains and prairies. Red pine has been extensively planted in West Virginia; it grows well at higher elevations and it is a popular species in the Christmas tree trade.

Not long after the red pine discovery, my father and I were working our way through thick brush to one of North Fork's summits. As we paused to catch our breath we looked ahead, and both yelled at once. Just above us was an unmistakable stand of white birch, that graceful tree of the North Country that adds such beauty to thousands of vistas in New England, the Adirondacks country, and the Great Lakes.

Left photo, North Mountain begins at left of saddle and extends into New Creek Mountain. Grant County.

IN THEIR NORTHERN HOME, white birches normally choose to live along streams, in fertile and well-watered sites. It's hard to imagine a more different setting than the dry, exposed sandstone ledges where the trees grow on the slopes of North Fork. Yet there they are, and when a plant has attained the proper age, the bark on its trunk will turn to white, the authentic canoe material of the Northern Indians.

Since that time, white birches have been found in a few other places in the state, notably around the Stony River Dam in Grant County. There are a few isolated stands farther south, in North Carolina's Great Smoky Mountains, for example. Nevertheless, the North Fork trees are still pioneers manning the outposts and the frontier.

One of our early discoveries was that the summits of North Fork's peaks have a rich cover of three-toothed cinquefoil, a delightful white-flowered woody plant which hugs the earth in exposed places from Labrador to some of the grass balds in southern Appalachia. I had first gotten acquainted with this pretty little member of the rose family on the Gaspé Peninsula of Quebec; it was an unexpected pleasure to renew its acquaintance on North Fork. Near the north end of the main Dolly Sods road there are acres of the plant, and in autumn the wine-red leaves in low basal clusters are very beautiful indeed.

Perhaps a mile south of the first North Fork peak, the one most easily reached just south of U.S. 33, is another, slightly higher peak. It's a scrabble to get there; the route is obstructed by one of the densest and most impenetrable stands of scrub oak I have ever seen, but it's worth the effort when you arrive.

On this summit are literally acres of the little dwarf northern dogwood, *Cornus canadensis* to the botanist and bunchberry to the northern public. Dwarf dogwood is a low, woody plant. At the proper season each stem is crowned by a small dogwood blossom, similar to those borne on the familiar flowering dogwood of our lawns and woodlands. Later the flowers are followed by clustered bright red berries, hence the bunchberry name.

DWARF DOGWOOD grows in a few other places in West Virginia, but most of these plants are in peat bogs at Cranberry Glades, Canaan Valley and elsewhere. Like the white birches these are on the driest and most exposed summits, just as they might be in Labrador, on the Canadian Shield, or in Alaska.

One of the region's most remarkable botanical finds was reported years ago by a visitor, a distinguished botanist who had written the standard plant handbook for the botany of the American midlands. He reported, and for years the report was doubted, finding on one of North Fork's summits a stand of rock rose, *Hudsonia tomentosa,* a yellow-flowered, matted plant which is at home on Cape Cod dunes, around some of the sandy beaches of Lake Michigan, but certainly not on a dry Appalachian peak.

The report was questioned, but the botanists had to make sure. Earl L. Core and others went exploring, they worked the peaks south toward the Virginia border, and there right where Dr. P. A. Rydberg said it would be, was a vigorous stand of rock rose.

Mountain laurel, "little laurel"

(Continued on Page 25)

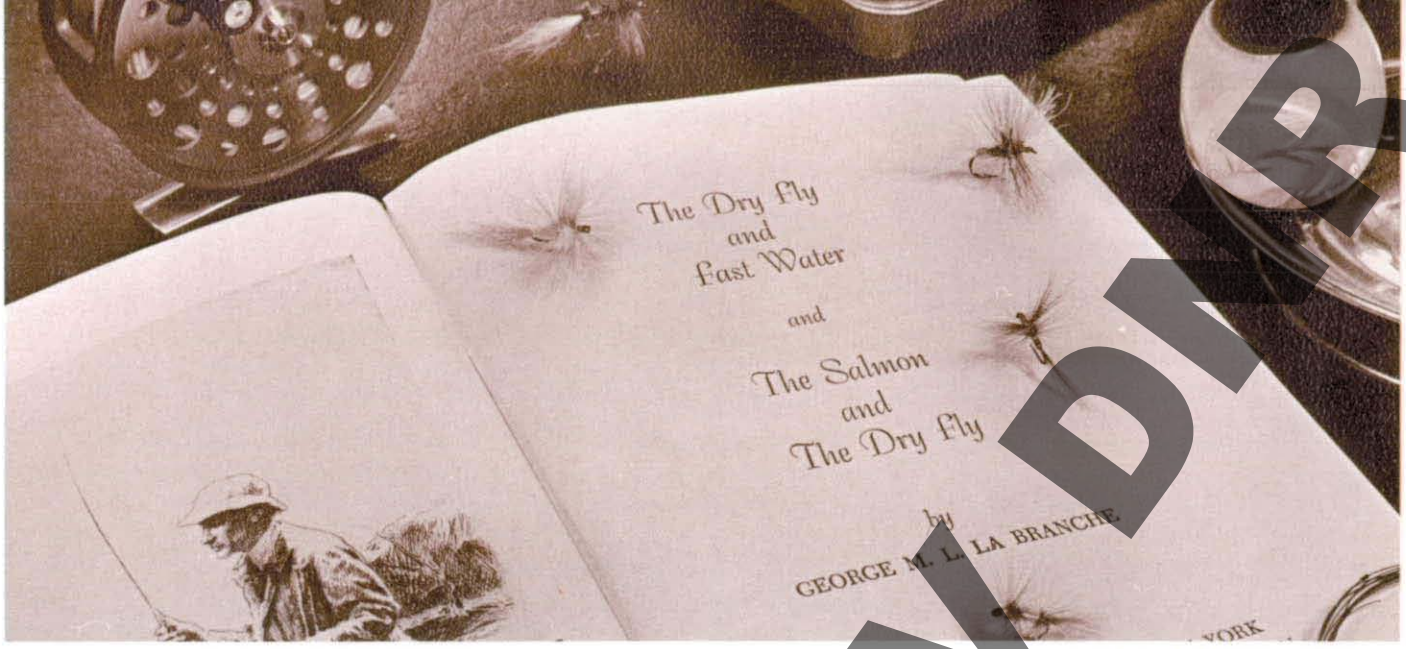


PHOTO BY JIM DEAN

Make It Dry Please

by R. Wharton Gaul, M.D.

REPRINTED FROM WILDLIFE IN NORTH CAROLINA

THE soft *swish-swish* of the fisherman's line was scarcely audible above the rush of the mountain stream. Twenty feet ahead of him, a small grayish insect-like object danced along the surface of a riffle. A flash of silver, a splash, and the angler's line tightened. Moments later, he landed and then released a small rainbow trout. Shaking the moisture from the fly, the fisherman once again resumed the rhythmic cadence of fly casting.

The fisherman was plying an art almost as old as the history of man himself. Many centuries before Christ, it had been noted that fish fed on small insects at certain times of the day and year. Someone somewhere tried to imitate the insects with bits of wool wound around his hooks. His success must have astounded him. How much more surprised he would have been if he could have foreseen what would eventually come of his efforts! Little is known of the history of angling from the time of the ancients until about five hundred years ago. No doubt men continued to find excuses for slipping off to some river bank, but it apparently took a woman to turn flyfishing into a true sport. This was Dame Juliana Berners. In the year 1496, she (or someone) wrote the *Treatyse of Fysshynge Wyth an Angle*. And with this began the literature of angling. Dame Juliana described a number of flies which can be traced down to some of those in use today. However, they were all wet flies and would continue to be for another three hundred years. Most of the food taken by trout is found on the bottom, or swimming about in the water. Exact imitations, impressionist flies and attractor flies by the hundreds were devised and fished deep in English and European trout waters. The art of dry fly fishing was still a long way from our angler at the beginning of this tale.

The first halting steps towards the art of the dry fly seem to date back to the year 1841. A writer-angler named George Pulman (*Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing For Trout*) suggested that the floating fly could be quite effective, but as with most men who are ahead of their times, little heed was paid. Something else was needed first. It came along in 1857. W. C. Stewart in *The Practical Angler* turned fishermen around and faced them upstream. The time-worn practice of the downstream cast began to crumble. The flies were still wet, it is true, but a new dimension had been added. Stewart found little enthusiasm in the mind of old Thad Norris, dean of American anglers of the Civil War era. Our waters were too swift for such notions. "The force of the current in many a good rift would bring the flies back, and, as I have seen with beginners, entangle them in the legs of his pantaloons." And yet for all this, Norris, writing in 1864, crystalized Pulman's ideas. "If it could be accomplished, the great desideratum would be, to keep the line wet and the flies dry. I have seen anglers succeed so well in their efforts to do this by the means just mentioned, and by whipping the moisture from their flies, that the stretcher and dropper (i.e. a two-fly cast) would fall so lightly, and remain so long on the surface, that a fish would rise and deliberately take the fly before it sank." Thus, in Norris' *American Angler's Book* we find the first real reference to dry fly fishing.

PHOTO BY TOM JACKSON

There's something about fooling a cagey trout with a fly that is just about the ultimate in fishing. What's your preference, wet or dry?

We go back to England for the next step. From the depths of her chalk deposits spring the sources of famous trout waters such as the Test and Itchen. These were streams where a gentleman and his ghillie could take and release lovely brown trout to their hearts content. One such gentleman, a wealthy banker named Frederic Halford, "discovered" the dry fly and history was made. Learning to lay the hackle on the hook edgewise, he was able to simulate the legs of insects in their floating and airborne stages. It then seemed to him that it was no longer sporting to tempt trout with underwater flies. Halford gave up banking and devoted his days to a campaign against wet fly fishing on chalk streams. His initial book, *Dry Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice,* was published in 1889. Several other books followed. But not everyone went along with him. G.E.M. Skues (*Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream,* 1910) disagreed and continued to advocate the use of underwater artificials, especially the nymph. The subsequent development of English trout fishing does not concern us here.

Back in this country, Theodore Gordon, the scion of a well-to-do family found it necessary to retire from business for reasons of health. He took the opportunity to settle on the hallowed Beaverkill of New York, where he became American correspondant for the English *Fishing Gazette,* and also wrote for the now defunct *Forest and Stream.* Learning of Halford's new flies, he wrote to inquire about them and received a quantity by return mail. It didn't take long to realize that they were unsuited to American waters, both in coloring and design. In time, the correspondent devised his own patterns. Under his tutelage, the dry fly became an American custom. He suffered from tuberculosis and as one writer put it, he spit blood his last three years and then was swept from the scene like a spent spinner. But Theodore Gordon gave us dry flies with a distinct American flavor, and he gave us the technique for using them although he never authored a book on the subject. His Quill Gordon dry fly pattern is a standard in every serious trout angler's fly box. His death in 1915 could well be said to have given the American trout fishermen their first patron saint.

One outgrowth of Gordon's teachings is found in the writings of George M. L. La Branche. La Branche explored the use of dry flies on white water streams, using bushy hackle, multiple casts (creating a hatch, he called it), reading the stream and fishing where fish should lie. His fly was the Pink Lady, which together with the Quill Gordon noted above will still take fish from any trout stream. La Branche's book, *The Dry Fly and Fast Water,* was published in 1914, and was recently reissued by Abercrombie and Fitch.

As Skues was to Halford, so was Edward Hewitt to Gordon and La Branche. But Hewitt never really opposed the dry fly. In fact, one of his creations, the Neversink Skater, is perhaps the driest fly of all, with enormously long hackles, made to be fished across the surface with short jerks. Perhaps more important, Hewitt devised some nymph forms which for a w h i l e he thought to be too deadly to reveal to the rest of the fishing world. Hewitt died an old man in the 1950's, still convinced that the nymph was superior to the dry fly. Abercrombie and Fitch has also reissued one of his works, *A Trout and Salmon Fisherman for Seventy-Five Years.*

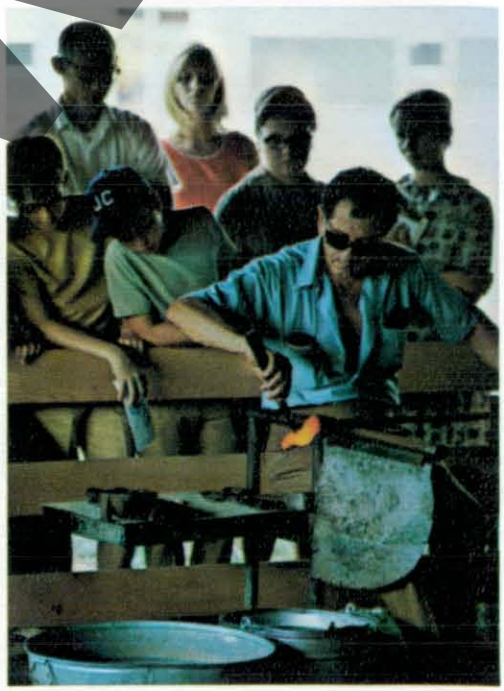
Fishers of the dry fly have other heroes. The gentle Ray Bergman, whose *Trout* is a classic, Ernie Schwiebert (*Matching the Hatch*) who told us all we need to know (and more) about insects upon which trout feed, and Preston Jennings whose *Book of Trout Flies* preceded Schwiebert's studies; Vince Marinaro (*A Modern Dry Fly Code*) who taught fly-tiers how to imitate the tiny terrestrial insects that fall into the streams late in the season, and A. J. McClane who writes for *Field and Stream,* and many more. To wade into trout waters, bend on a dry fly, and cast it upstream is to carry on a tradition rich in heritage. And from some Elysian stream, Dame Juliana, Halford, Gordon, and La Branche will smile on you.

COME TO THE FAIR...

MANY VISITORS will find an opportunity for "Christmas in July" among the tasteful and unique gifts for sale at the colorful Mountain State Art and Craft Fair which opens July 1 at Cedar Lakes near Ripley.

At this annual folk event, "different" gifts will include hand-made quilts, hooked rugs, pewter pieces, hand-fashioned jewelry, carved toys, and newly built mountain dulcimers, all put together with painstaking skill of West Virginia craftsmen.

Perhaps the most interesting "show" at the Fair is the opportunity to see dedicated crafts people turning earth-toned pots, shingle splitting, a lathe producing glistening pewter dishes, an oldtime spinning wheel twisting strands of yarn . . . adding to the variety, artists will be busy painting understandable art to folks, the clang of a blacksmith's anvil, setting native gemstones with silver to form unique rings, and wood carvings.

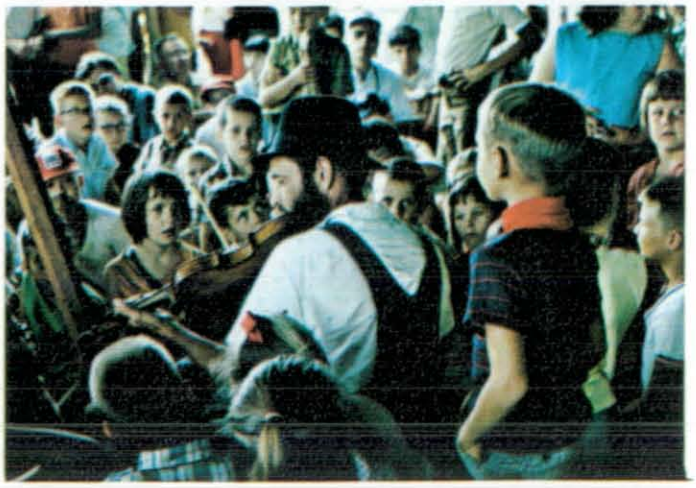


Nostalgic sounds and music will delight the visitors—the labored crank of homemade ice cream freezers, the lilt of fiddles, banjos, guitars, and winsome strains of a dulcimer.

Naturally the air will be filled with the mouth-watering aromas of applebutter bubbling over a wood fire, sizzling West Virginia ham and buckwheat cakes on the grill, and succulent barbequed chicken.

See you at the Fair! Remember, July 1-5, at Cedar Lakes.

Should you, though, want more enticing details: Write Arts and Crafts Section, West Virginia Department of Commerce, State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va. - 26305.



TIE YOUR OWN

BYFORD OSBURN

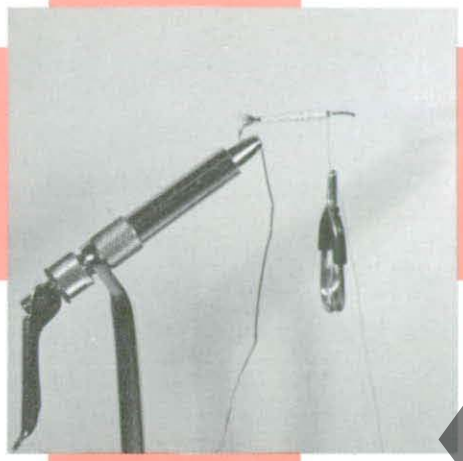
It's fly time for the purists among the trout fishing fraternity. Streams are down to normal, clear and trout are wary.

Brook trout streams subtly invite the feathery light dry-fly rod, and small dry fly. Larger streams harboring rainbow and brown trout await the skillfully cast streamers, larger flies, wobbling or spinning hardware.

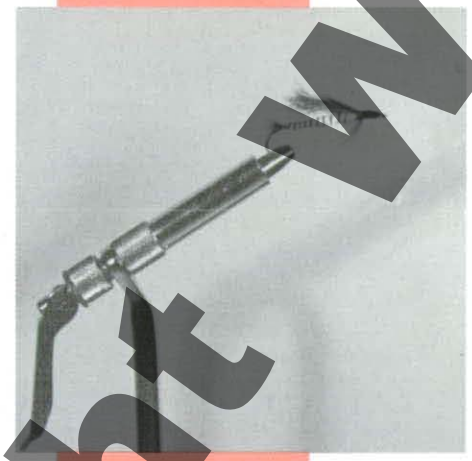
The following are some simple steps on making trout flies that will double your satisfaction in catching them on your own home-made creations.

Here are 10 "hot" West Virginia trout streams.

- Cranberry Williams
- South Branch at Franklin
- Williams River
- Shavers Fork of Cheat
- Elk River above Webster Springs
- Anthony Creek
- Seneca Creek
- East, West Forks of Greenbrier
- Little River
- Knapps Creek

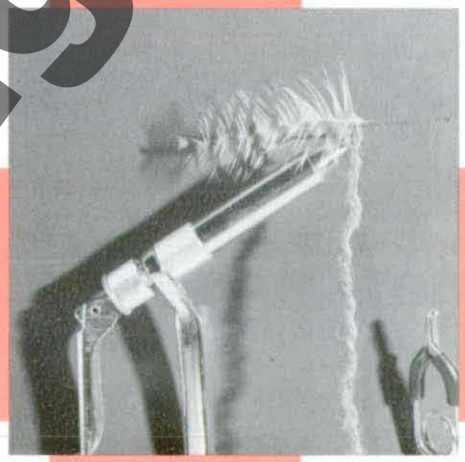


Tie in piece of light colored feather section for tail of fly. Wind thread over feather section. Cement windings.



Trim off excess fibers and hairs. Shape head with remaining thread and give two coats of fly head cement. Fly is ready.

To tie a streamer fly, select long shank hook, wind nylon or silk down hook shank, starting about 1/4 inch from hook eye.



Wooly Worm in the making.

A fly-tyer can easily afford this many flies.

POPULAR TROUT PATTERNS FOR FLY TYERS

COVERED BRIDGES (Continued from Page 11)

COVERED BRIDGES IN WEST VIRGINIA

BARBOUR COUNTY

U.S. 250 at Philippi - over Tygart River - rebuilt 1938 - 301.3 feet in length - 12 foot overhead clearance - 30 ton load limit

County Route 36 at junction of County 11/3 east at Union (Carrollton) - over Buckhannon River - 156.2 feet in length - 12 foot overhead clearance - legal load limit for the road (60,800 pounds)

CABELL COUNTY

County 25 at junction of U.S. 60 south - over Mud River at Milton - 148 feet in length - 11 foot overhead clearance

GREENBRIER COUNTY

County 40 at junction U.S. 60 west near Lewisburg - over Milligan Creek - 54.4 feet in length - 11.3 foot overhead clearance - reinforced in early 1960's

County 62 north of the Monroe County Line near Hokes Mill - over Second Creek - 82.0 feet in length - 12 foot clearance - reinforced in early 1960's - 6 ton load limit

HARRISON COUNTY

County 5/29 at junction of County 5 - north of Maken - over Tenmile Creek - 62.0 feet in length - 12.8 foot overhead clearance - 3 ton load limit

County 24/2 at junction of County 24 south at Hollen Mill - over Simpson Creek - 79.0 feet in length - 12 foot overhead clearance - 3 ton load limit

County 46/1 at junction of County 46 south of Romines Mills - over Rooting Creek - 32.0 feet in length - 11 foot overhead clearance - 3 ton load limit

JACKSON COUNTY

County 21/15 at junction of U.S. 21 east between Odaville and Sandyville - over Sandy Creek - 102.5 feet in lenght - 11.2 foot overhead clearance - 2.5 ton load limit

County 40 at junction of County 34 north at Statts Mills - over Tug Fork - 100.0 feet in length - 11.0 foot overhead clearance - recently reinforced - 15 ton load limit

LEWIS COUNTY

County 19/17 near U.S. 19 south of Walkersville - over right fork of West Fork River - built in 1902 - 39.6 feet in length - 11.9 foot overhead clearance - 3 ton load limit

MARION COUNTY

County 17/19 at junction of County 17 south in Grant Town - over Paw Paw Creek - 48.0 feet in lenght - 12 foot overhead clearance - 3 ton load limit

County 21 at junction of County 250/32 at Barrackville - over Buffalo Creek - built in 1852 - 145.5 feet in lenght - 12 foot overhead clearance - 6 ton load limit

MONONGALIA COUNTY

County 43/4 at junction of County 43 west north of Laurel Point - over Dents Run - 40.0 feet in length - 11 foot overhead clearance - 5 ton load limit

MONROE COUNTY

County 23/4 at junction of County 219/11 west near Lillydale - over Laurel Creek - 25.0 feet in lenght - 12 foot overhead clearance - 5 ton load limit

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

County 31 near Hillsboro - over Locust Creek - 120 feet in length - 11 foot overhead clearance - 5 ton load limit

WETZEL COUNTY

County 13 at junction of U.S. 250 south near Hundred - over Fish Creek - 36.0 feet in length - 11.8 foot overhead clearance - 5 ton load limit - reinforcing done in 1968

NORTH MOUNTAIN

(Continued from Page 19)

in local terminology to distinguish it from "big laurel" the state's official flower, which blooms on North Fork has to be seen to be believed. Little laurel, *Kalmia*, has a long blooming season which spans most of June. In the lowlands it is a handsome shrub with often pale pink or even whitish flowers. The intense light that falls on North Fork's exposed summits does something to the laurel—most bushes bear flowers of an intense rose pink, a vivid and almost startling contrast to the pastels of the same plants at lower elevations.

With the mountain laurel, but in bloom a few days earlier, are rosy azaleas, also much deeper in shade than are their lowland relatives. The result of this floral profusion is the formation of pink beds, smaller, but rivaling in color, the more famous heath displays in the Pisgah Forest around Asheville, North Carolina.

In short, North Fork Mountain is a marvelous mountain range, unique in the state, and rewarding for many reasons.

Letters

Editor:

I have just received my second copy of WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA and would like to say that I really enjoy it. The superb photography by Mr. Hyde is alone worth the price of the magazine. I am amazed that you can produce such a quality magazine at such a low subscription price. Our state has been "downed" too long and with this magazine we can proudly show the world that West Virginia is truly a beautiful state and that we're proud to be West Virginians.

Judith Riffle
Chester, W. Va.

Editor:

WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA is certainly a credit to our state. The beautiful color pictures really exemplify West Virginia.

James A. Wallen, Editor
INCO NEWS
Huntington, W. Va.

Editor:

As a native of W. Va., I wish to compliment you on the high quality of your magazine. What a joy to read such excellent articles accompanied by wonderful photography, showing the beauties of my home state! So glad you have maintained such a high standard of writing and publishing. Keep up the good work, and accept my very best wishes for every success!

Rebecca Beard
Hyattsville, Md.

FULL-COLOR REPRODUCTIONS

Our subscribers have been requesting full-color reproductions suitable for framing of Arnout Hyde Jr.'s photos appearing in WONDERFUL WEST VIRGINIA.

We wish to announce the first in a series is now available. It is the beautiful "High Falls of Cheat River," the center spread in the January 1970 edition of the magazine. The descriptive information is placed unobtrusively beneath the photo instead of within it as in the original.

Reproductions are $1.50 each including mailing tube, sales tax and postage. Order from Ken McClain, McClain Printing Co., 212 Main St., Parsons, W. Va. 26287. Do not order from the Department of Natural Resources.

Second in the series will be the "Golden Touch of Fall" from the October 1969 edition of the magazine and may be ordered at the same time.

Size is identical to that in the magazine, but with a two-inch border on all sides for an overall dimension of 21" x 15", unframed.

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A woodchuck's heart beats only about five times per minute during hibernation.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Wild geraniums are among the beauties of Holly River State Park in Webster County.

MEDICINE MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

plaza outside the building where the dead man lay. They had gathered there many times before to wait for the medicine man to lead them in a celebration. Many of them half expected to see him emerge, dressed in his finest garments, chanting some powerful song to the gods, but deep in their hearts they knew he would no longer be there to guide them. He had passed from them to another world and a new medicine man would take his place. Relatives of the dead man had spent the night inside the building. The council members entered the house, followed by four specially chosen young men who would carry the body to the grave. Everyone waited solemnly for the procession to begin.

After a lapse of what seemed like hours to the villagers, the chief slowly emerged from the building, followed by the other council members. Behind them came the dead man borne on a litter made of woven mats of reeds attached to two strong poles. The newly selected medicine man walked close to the corpse, chanting prayers and extolling deeds of the dead man. Relatives of the deceased walked behind the litter, followed by villagers who had been crowded outside the building.

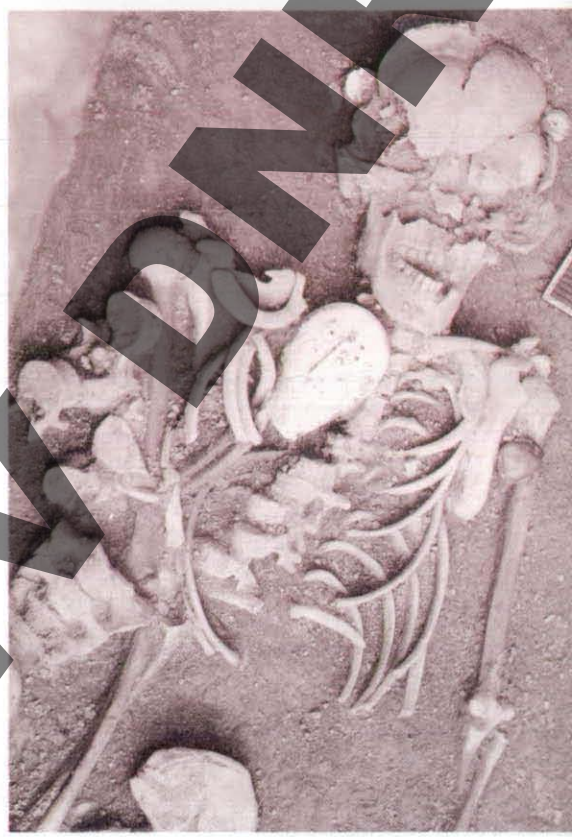
BY THE TIME the slow-moving procession reached the grave the sun had reached its highest point in the sky and was spreading its warmth over the village. It felt especially good to the villagers who had been out in the cold autumn air all night. The four young men who had carried the litter were gently placing the body in the grave. The pit was not large enough to allow his body to be stretched out, so his knees were bent and his feet brought up towards his left hip. The upper portion of the body was on its back with his arms extended along his sides. The large shell pendant hanging from the necklace was positioned over the center of his chest. A small fresh-water pearl was placed under the old man's chin by a grieving relative.

Another person knelt down beside the grave and placed a large lump of cannel coal on the man's left shoulder. Three bear claws were laid in the grave near the right hand of the corpse by another weeping mourner. These objects had all been treasured by the deceased during his sojourn on earth and should accompany him to the other world.

Small posts cut by the men were driven into the ground around the grave. A canopy made of woven mats was placed on top of the posts to form a shelter. The grave was left open during the remainder of the day and throughout the night to permit villagers to view the body. Many stopped to offer sympathy to relatives who remained near the grave. Many women wept, while others passed by the grave in silence. A few of the men stopped to offer prayers for the departed spirit of the medicine man.

Most villagers retired early that night. The two previous nights had been a strain on everyone, and there would be the final burial ceremony to attend tomorrow. The night air seemed colder than usual. Fires were kept burning in most of the houses, partly for heat and partly because most everyone preferred not to be in the dark. The crying and chanting of relatives keeping vigil by the open grave echoed throughout the sleeping village. Several dogs kept up an almost continuous howl, thus adding to the eerie sounds of night.

NIGHT PASSED and dawn came, but the sky was covered with clouds and the sun could not be seen. Trees with their brightly colored leaves seemed to have taken on a dull brown almost overnight. Winter's first snow would be falling soon, covering everything with its cold white blanket. The villagers arose and wrapped themselves in extra clothing to ward off the cold morning breeze. Additional fires were lit and the odor of cooking food floated on the breeze along with smoke from the fires.



By mid-morning the council members and villagers had assembled around the grave for the final ceremony. Bark stripped from the trees two days ago had been piled nearby and the temporary shelter removed. Final prayers for the departed spirit of the deceased were offered by the new medicine man. The dead man's body was then completely covered with slabs of bark.

As the villagers watched in silence, the soil that had been removed from the pit was slowly thrown back onto the bark-covered body. It took a long time to refill the grave completely, yet none of the observers appeared anxious to leave the scene. No marker was erected for the deceased, but it would be quite some time before the disturbed earth of the pit would turn dark and blend with its surroundings. More importantly, it would be many moons before the memory of the beloved medicine man would be erased from the minds and hearts of the villagers.

Water Wise Stay Alive

Ira S. Latimer Jr.

With the fun season in full swing on West Virginia waterways, I earnestly urge our citizens and visitors from other states to observe the strictest safety precautions in, on and around water. Plain common sense usually will avoid the horror and sorrow of accidents or drownings.

There were 89 deaths by drowning in the state last year. Of the 29 accidents by boaters in 1969, there were eight fatalities, an increase over the previous year. These grim statistics are alarming.

Capsizing by water craft took more lives than any other cause, and drownings resulted from unwise actions by the victims. West Virginia has ample boating laws and regulations. Non-observance of these simple "do's" and "don't's" is the usual cause of deaths and accidents.

It is vitally important, and state boating regulations require that there must be one approved lifesaving device on board for each person, whether the boat is large enough to require a license or not.

I especially appeal to parents to see that their children learn to swim as early as possible. Your local YMCA, YWCA or Red Cross chapters either teach swimming or can tell you who does. It is an obvious fact that few good swimmers lost their lives by drowning—excellent swimmers know better than to exceed their limitations.

Wading by children in unfamiliar waters or carelessly watched has long and often been a major cause of water tragedies. Wading by fishermen in a turbulent stream such as New River without life preservers has needlessly taken many lives over the years.

Diving into unfamiliar waters, horseplay, or poor swimmers and panicky people trying to save the lives of others also take their tolls in drownings.

Water safety is an individual responsibility. To use an old but apt cliché: the life you save may be your own. Common sense is one of the most bouyant and best life preservers known.

There will be more water sports activity than ever before this summer on the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers, Bluestone, Sutton and Summersville Lakes—on all our waterways. People still drown in creeks and swimming pools.

Waterways are for fun, not tragedies.

It's up to you.

IRA S. LATIMER JR.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Small drip for hefty pumper. Bobby Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor, Charleston.

ARNOUT HYDE JR.

Sundown at popular Plum Orchard Lake in Fayette County. Handy to reach by turn-off at Mossy on West Virginia Turnpike.